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An Iris Stew

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An Irish Stew



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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

AN IRISH STEW

A ONE-ACT FARCE

BY

JEFF BRANEN

AUTHOR OF

"An Irish Alibi," "The African Golf Club," "The Battle of Roaring Bull," "The Coon at the Door," "A Dark Secret," "How to Stage a Minstrel Show," "Denison's Minstrel Opening Choruses and Finales," Etc.



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AN IRISH STEW

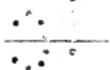
FOR SIX MEN AND FOUR WOMEN.

CHARACTERS.

DENNIS HOGAN *A Mean Man by No Means*
DONALD HOGAN *His Son*
PATRICK LAHEY *His Confidential Friend*
GASTON MARCEL *A Tonsorial Artist*
TIM TOOLIN *A Close-Fisted Irishman*
JASPER LEE *An Ebony Undertaker*
MARY HOGAN *Dennis's Wife*
MARIAN HOGAN *Their Daughter*
LEONORE SCHMIDT *A Debutante*
MRS. O'FLAHERTY *A Temperamental Widow*

PLACE—*Hogan's Front Parlor.*

TIME—*Any Evening.*



TIME OF PLAYING—*About One Hour.*

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CHARACTERISTICS AND COSTUMES.

DENNIS—Middle-aged, medium height and weight, dressed soberly and in keeping with the times. Irish make-up, brunette turning gray, with a bald pate; smooth-shaven face with lines and wrinkles to indicate a hard-working head of a non-productive household.

DONALD—A characteristic college boy, aged about 17, full of dash and loyal to his colors. In college regalia; coat sweater with large college letter or class numeral upon breast. When changing to street costume, his style is flashy and in keeping with the times.

PATRICK—Middle-aged and slight with characteristic Irish make-up, typical bald Irish red wig and side-burns. His dress is of the average Sunday-go-to-meeting type; can be a swallow-tailed or Prince Albert coat; flashy vest, gaiters, preferably white; tan derby hat, standing collar and an inflammable cravat.

GASTON—An undersized, strutting foreigner with French characteristics. Exaggerated foreign dress; small black moustache; long flowing watch cord of silk ribbon or fine gold links, suspended from neck to watch pocket; patent leather pumps or shoes, with loud gaiters; eccentric hat, either straw or derby; a cane and a pair of chamois gloves. Aged 28.

TIM—Middle-aged and sedate, with smooth face and the general appearance of the grasping type. Seldom smiles and delivers his lines satirically. Wears black.

JASPER—A tall darky, aged 35, wears long Prince Albert coat and high silk hat, spats and gloves to match. Tortoise-rimmed glasses can be added. A white or yellow chrysanthemum can also be worn in the lapel of coat.

MARY—A middle-aged motherly woman of medium height and weight, her face lined and hair turning white to denote care brought on by domestic activities. Her dress is of the usual housekeeping type and in keeping with the times. Her hair-dress is characteristic of the old-fashioned

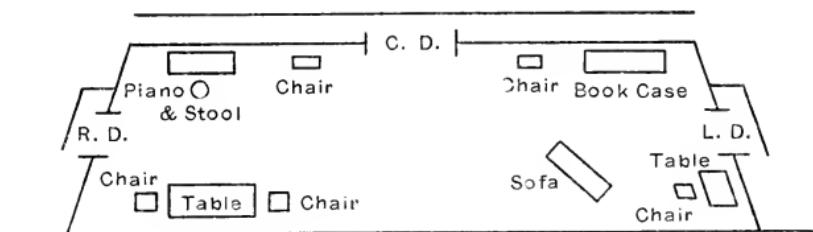
mother, combed back and fastened in a knob at the back of the head.

MARIAN—A tall, graceful girl, aged 19, fascinating, refined and a little inclined to be dissatisfied with her ordinary station in life, yet by no means lacking in filial devotion. Hers is the customary street costume of the times.

LEONORE—A sweet-faced girl, aged 16, of the “co-ed” type; dressed stylishly but modestly in keeping with the times.

MRS. O’FLAHERTY—A dashing widow, aged 45, dressed like a girl of 16 and displaying a lack of discretion in her selection of colors. She is tall and rather inclined toward a “strenuous” build. She carries a fan and a lorgnette, suspended from flashy chains or ribbons, both of which she uses whenever the least bit excited.

SCENE PLOT.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat, or scene running across the back of the stage; *up stage*, away from the footlights; *down stage*, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

AN IRISH STEW

SCENE: The Hogans' parlor, modestly furnished. Doors with interior backing, C., R. and L. Upright piano, with bench or stool, up R. in corner. Bookcase L. C., against flat, near C. D. Between piano and C. D. a chair. Sofa is at L. C. Chair L. of C. D. Small table against L. flat, with chair. Table with two chairs down R. Adorning the walls are a few cheap pictures, most conspicuous being a large framed portrait, in colors, of a football player, near C. D. This is prepared so that backing may be removed easily and another picture inserted.

At rise of curtain, DENNIS HOGAN enters from L. with cardboard portrait of a man in his hand—any picture such as is used for window display by political candidates. He looks at the pictures hanging upon the wall until his eyes rest upon the football star. By his actions he denotes his decision and instantly takes a chair, places it beneath the picture, mounts the chair and pulls down picture with none too much consideration. He immediately comes down from chair, goes to the table down R., examines the back of the frame, lays it face downward on table and begins to remove the picture from the frame, while he is singing quietly to himself:

DENNIS. Sure, if ever I get back again, I'll make that
girl my bride,

And I'll hold her in me arms down by the tanyard side.

(This song is repeated in bits and at intervals, as he continues to remove the football hero from the frame and to substitute the other, after which he mounts the same chair, replaces the frame on the wall, dismounts, removes the chair from the wall to its former position, and then stands back to admire the new face from a distance, just as—)

MARY HOGAN enters and stands studying him.

MARY. Arrah, Dinnie, what have you done? (Goes to

table, picks up the football star and looks piteously upon it, and then forbiddingly at her husband.)

DENNIS. Why ax such a foolish question and ye're lookin' right at me? (*Still admiring the new picture and not looking at his wife.*)

MARY. Where on earth did you get that chromo? This is no place for him. I'll not spoil me parlor with a freak like that.

DENNIS (*turning upon her*). Be careful what you're sayin'! You and I don't very often have words. But if you say another word against that face up there, you might as well prepare yourself—

MARY. What will poor Donald think to see his hero discarded for a mug like that?

DENNIS. Mary Ann! (*Scowls at her.*)

MARY. The parlor is no place for either, but if I *must* put up with one or the other, haul that pie-face down and put this one back where it was.

DENNIS. I'll do nothin' of the kind. That picture'll stay right where it is, there on that wall, till I get good and ready to take it down. And let me tell you, Mary Ann, never let me hear you refer to that friend of mine as a mug—or chromo—or pie-face.

MARY (*both coming to table, one on either side*). Who is he and what is he?

DENNIS (*mimicking her*). "Who is he and what is he?" Divilish well you know *who* he is and *what* he is.

MARY. Faith 'n I don't, Dinnie.

DENNIS. Faith 'n you do, Mary Ann. But you're so divilish contrary you w'u'dn't admit it.

MARY. 'Deed, an' I'm not contrary. 'Tis you that's contrary.

DENNIS. Since whin am I contrary?

MARY. Always. Always, Dinnie. You wouldn't be natural if you wasn't. You wouldn't be Irish. (*DENNIS gives her a hard look, pouts a little and seems lost for words.*) But you haven't answered the question I axed you.

DENNIS. What question?

MARY. Who is he?

DENNIS. What difference does it make, so long as you've taken such a dislike to him?

MARY. I want to know, so long as *you* say he must hang there. Suppose somebody axes me who he is, what am I to tell them?

DENNIS. Tell 'em it's none of their infernal business!

MARY. Arrah, Dinnie. Maybe you would, but I wouldn't.

DENNIS. Tell 'em it's Brian Boru.

MARY. Arrah, who is that, Dinnie?

DENNIS (*in disgust*). "Arrah, who's that, Dinnie?" Just as if you didn't know!

MARY. 'Deed, 'n I don't.

DENNIS. 'Deed 'n you do, but you don't want to admit it. Brian Boru was the greatest king Ireland iver had.

MARY. I never knew that Ireland had a king.

DENNIS (*again repeating in disgust*). "I never knew that Ireland had a king!" Mary Ann, I'm ashamed of you. I'm ashamed of you because you act like you were ashamed you're Irish. No country iver had as great a king as Ireland had. And no country iver had the makin's of as great kings as Ireland has. The only reason why she hasn't a king of her own right now is because it would be a divilish hard matter to decide among themselves just who would be king. They all would want to be.

MARY. But you haven't told me yet what I want to know the most. Who is y'r friend on the wall? I ax you for the last time.

DENNIS. The new president of the bricklayers' association. (*Turns and casts an admiring glance up at the picture.*) Another Irishman smart enough to be a king.

MARY. I thought, Dinnie, you were slated for that office.

DENNIS. So I was, but—(*turns and looks at her*).

MARY. But what?

DENNIS. He got the most votes.

MARY. Why was that, Dinnie?

DENNIS. Ax Lahey, whin he comes.

MARY. Thin why should you hang his picture on your own wall if he kept you out of office?

DENNIS. Because I always believe in forgettin' politics after election. I'm for the choice of the majority no matter what party elected him. I'm been votin' for a Democrat for president of these great United States iver since I sot foot in America, and seldom has me man won; but that has niver affected me loyalty. I'm for the president, first, last and always. Where's Mary Ann?

MARY. What are you sayin', Dinnie?

DENNIS. I axed you, where's Mary Ann?

MARY. Don't be callin' your darlin' daughter such names! Her name ain't Mary Ann.

DENNIS. Since whin?

MARY (*imitatively*). "Since whin!" Now, who is it that's contrary?

DENNIS. Mary Ann was the name I gev her at her christenin'. I had her named after you. 'Twas good enough for you, and why ain't it good enough for her?

MARY. Don't be foolish, Dinnie. Mary Ann is all right for an ould woman like me, but not for a young girl steppin' out in society. Call her Marian.

DENNIS. There you go, with your high-falutin' notions! (*With mockery.*) Marian! Marian Hogan! Faith, she'd be a long time in Ireland before they'd call her Marian.

MARY. But we're not in Ireland now, Dinnie.

DENNIS. What difference does it make where we are? A name is a name! What the Dutch call limburger would smell as bad by any other name. I tell you, her name is Mary Ann, and Mary Ann she'll be called, if I have anything to say in this house!

MARY. You can't be too severe with the childer. Common Bible names like yours and mine ain't in style nowadays. Other people's childer have classic names like the heroes and heroines in fiction, and it's no more than right that our childer kape pace with the times. You'll insist on callin' y'r son Donald "Dinnie," just like as if you was talkin' to y'rself. (DENNIS *shows annoyance*.) An' it

makes him so mad that he's thinkin' of puttin' the letter "A" in front of Donald, makin' his name A. Donald Hogan.

DENNIS (*suddenly*). What you say?

MARY (*chuckling*). You heard what I said.

DENNIS (*contemptuously*). "A. Donald Hogan!" Let me catch him pullin' any of that high-brow stuff around here and I'll clip his wings for him. "Marian Hogan!" What the divil is to become of us? Ah, it's all your fault, bringin' up a son and a daughter to be ashamed of their own father and mother. Whin a mother has no jurisdiction over such childer, it's high time the father took hould and brought the whole pack of yez back to where ye belong. "A. Donald." (*Scowling*.) "Marian." Where is she, I axed you?

MARY. Who? Marian?

DENNIS. No, Mary Ann. (MARY makes no reply.) Why don't you answer me?

MARY. I know of no Mary Ann other than meself.

DENNIS. Now who's contrary?

MARY. Dinnie, I ain't contrary. I only want me way. (*He looks critically at her*.) An' what I want, Dinnie, I gin'rally get! (*Looks at him sternly*.)

DENNIS. Of course you do. To kape peace in the family one or the other of us must give in. And you're not the one. If you insist on me callin' our daughter Mary Ann "Marian," for the sake of society, then tell me. Where is she?

MARY. Who?

DENNIS. Faith, but y're headstrong! Marian! Marian, if that's sweeter music to y'r ears!

MARY. She went to the matinee; to the opera.

DENNIS. I thought as much. With the frog-eater, I suppose?

MARY. Mr. Marcel is no frog-eater. He says he doesn't care for them.

DENNIS. Like the rest of ye, he's ashamed of his ancestors.

MARY. I wouldn't say that, Dinnie. You mustn't be

givin' y'r tongue a bad habit. Mr. Marcel comes from decent people.

DENNIS. How do you know what he came from?

MARY. I'm only takin' his word for it.

DENNIS. That's good proof. If his father was a horse-thief or a highway robber, the first thing he'd do, I suppose, is to run to you and say: "Mrs. Hogan, me father was a horse-thief and a highway robber, but that makes me a gentleman of Frince. I want to marry y'r daughter." Don't believe what anyone says about themsilves.

MARY. I took y'r word for what you was. I didn't know you from Adam, but that didn't kape you from boostin' y'rself to the skies. An' I found out to me sorrow that all you said about y'rself was far from bein' gospel.

DENNIS. That's why I'm tellin' you not to believe everything people say about themselves. This Frinch barber that's kapin' company with our Mary Ann—I beg pardon, "Marian" (*sarcastically*)—claims to be a nobleman. Why, he ain't even a good barber. I tell you, I don't like his looks.

MARY. Well, Marian does, so why should we interfere? She's the one who has to cook him the frog-legs if, as you say, he's lyin' about himself.

DENNIS. Ah, Mary Ann, y're losin' what little sense you had whin I married you. Who wants a Frinchman for a son-in-law, whin there's plinty of fine Irish boys too good for her, who would marry her in a minute if she'd only ax one of 'em.

MARY. In the first place, Dinnie, Marian ain't goin' to ax anyone to marry her. And in the second place, she'll never spoil anyone's life by marryin' him whin he's too good for her. It's a fine opinion you have of y'r only daughter. But you don't mane what you say. There ain't that man livin' this side of Jericho too good for my Marian.

DENNIS. She's as much mine as she is yours!

MARY. You wouldn't think so, to hear you talk. (*Walks away from him.*)

DENNIS. Arrah, y're too sinsitive, Mary Ann. I'm as crazy about her as you are. I'm only talkin' to hear meself. Where's Dinnie, Junior? Why ain't he home by now?

MARY. There's no Dinnie Junior in this family. You will insist on callin' Donald Dinnie Junior.

DENNIS (*disgusted*). Well, if that wouldn't sour y'r molasses! No Dinnie Junior in this family! Well, well, well! Is there an A. Donald Hogan residin' here in this house? (*Sarcastically*.)

MARY. There is.

DENNIS. Is the gentleman expected home this avenin'?

MARY. As soon as the football game is over, him and his finance are to mate Marian and her finance here. After that they're all goin' to a masquerade.

DENNIS. The devil take him an' futtblall! (*Grabs up picture of football star and fires it across the room. MARY looks darkly but does not move to pick it up.*) Since whin has he been dabblin' in finance? Lena Schmidt, I suppose?

MARY. No, Dinnie. Not Lena, Leonore.

DENNIS. Ah, it's crazy y're gettin' in y'r ould age, you an' y'r codfish aristocracy. "Leonore!" Have you any money?

MARY. Faith I haven't, Dinnie.

DENNIS. Of coarse you haven't. How could you? (*Sizing up the room.*) You spind it as fast as it comes in, with y'r piannies an' y'r Broosel carpets an' y'r mahogany furniture and y'r books an' fancy bookcases. Sure, y'd think it was the parlor of an Astorbilt, the way you put on airs! You didn't used to be that way—only since y'r childer began runnin' the house.

MARY. What money I have I must pay on a phonygraft that's liable to be here any minute.

DENNIS. A phonygraft! (*Studying her.*) Who ordered it?

MARY. I did, Dinnie.

DENNIS. What for?

MARY. F'r the young folks to dance by.

DENNIS. What's the matter with the pianny?

MARY. There's no one to play it.

DENNIS. What's the matter with Mary (*correcting himself*)—Marian? Since whin has she forgot to play, after all the money I've spint on her pianny lessons?

MARY. Ah, Dinnie, but she can't play an' dance at the same time.

(*Voices and laughter are heard off stage through C. D.*)

DENNIS. There she is for you, now; an' the frog-eater. I kin tell by his foolish laugh.

MARIAN HOGAN enters C. D., *all excitement, followed by GASTON MARCEL, more excited than she.*

MARION. Oh, ma-maa (*accent on second syllable*), the opera was just exquisite! (*Rushes up to MARY, followed by GASTON. DENNIS starts to exit R., but stops and looks on in disgust as GASTON enthuses.*)

GASTON. Grand! Beautee-fool! Ze grand opairah, Madame Hogaan. You should see zee ladee! Beautee-fool! Ze costume! More beautee-fool! An' ze moozeek! Ungh! (*A nasal exclamation accompanied with a kiss thrown by fingers from lips at thought of music.*) Wondeer-fool, ze moozeek.

DENNIS. Ah, me eye! (*Close to R. D. as he is about to exit.*)

GASTON (*advancing part way toward DENNIS*). Poo-poo for you!

DENNIS. If you poo-poo me I'll poo-poo you! (*Exit R. D.*)

MARIAN (*rushing toward same exit*). Pa-paa! (*Looks angrily after him.*)

GASTON. Ah! You know ze meaning of poo-poo?

MARIAN (*to GASTON, as she comes back toward MARY*). Pa-paa in English means father.

GASTON. A-ha. In ze French, poo-poo means heem, ze fazzir, also. Ze pa-paa ees one poo-poo.

MARY. Pay no attention to me husband, Mr. Marcel. He's only havin' some fun with yez.

MARIAN. No, Gaston. Pa-paa is not responsible for what he says and does sometimes.

GASTON. In Paree, zat one eensult—zen ze challenge!
Ze pa-paa zen must fight ze duel!

MARY. No, no, no, Mr. Marcel. My Dinnie'd never do that. No duel for my Dinnie.

MARIAN. You don't understand, ma-maa. Gaston says that if such an insult were flung at him in Paree, pa-paa would have to fight him a duel.

MARY. It's luck we're here where we are. Somebody would surely get kilt.

GASTON (*bowing low to the two women*). Madame an' ze Mademoiselle, I beg ze pardohn. Ze pa-paa he poopood me, an' for zat I leave zis house veree queek. (*Goes to C. D. and starts to bow out.*)

DENNIS *enters R. D.*

DENNIS (*entering*). Is he gone? (*Laughs.*)

GASTON (*at C. D.*). Bah! (*Exit C. D.*)

DENNIS (*going to C. D.*). So long, Frinchy! (*Turns to front and sees MARIAN with head cuddled in MARY's arms, as if crying.*) What's the matter with you? (*MARIAN makes no response.*) Mary Ann! I'm talkin' to you. (*She does not lift her head.*)

MARY. Call her by her proper name, Dinnie, and she'll answer you.

DENNIS. I'm talkin' to you, Marian.

MARIAN. Yes, pa-paa?

DENNIS. Come over here to me! (*MARIAN straightens up and begins to dry eyes with handkerchief.*) Come here, I say. (*MARY starts to protest.*)

MARY. Don't be cross with her, Dinnie.

DENNIS (*to MARY*). Leave 'er to me. There's some-
thin' burnin' in the kitchen, Mary Ann. Go see what it is. (*MARY hurriedly exits R.*) Come over here, darlin'! (*MARIAN comes closer and stands in awkward position.*) Straighten up and look at me! (*She does so.*) Shmile, why don't you? (*MARIAN smiles just a little.*) Am I the cause of y'r tears?

MARIAN. You've insulted him. He's gone, and he'll

never come back. (*Lifts handkerchief to eyes and feigns more tears.*)

DENNIS. Don't fool y'rself. You'll never get rid of that fellow that 'asy.

MARIAN (*facing her father*). I don't want to get rid of him. Why should I? He promised some day to take me to Paree and introduce me into society. His people are the very first families of France. He is to take me there on our honeymoon.

DENNIS. Whin he sells out his barber shop, I suppose.

MARIAN. There you go, casting reflections upon him because he tries to make an honest living.

DENNIS. Ah, but, Marian, he ain't makin' an honest livin'. He charges twenty-five cints fur a shave and a haircut, and it ain't worth it. I kin shave meself and Mary Ann can cut me hair a dom sight better than he kin, and I'm a quarter ahead. I tell you, me little girl, none of those fortune-hunting foreigners are worth a tinker's hoot. If he was from the nobility of France he wouldn't have to be a barber. I tell you, it's best for you to have nothin' at all to do with him. I don't like him and he don't like me. An' between the two of us there's divilish little love lost.

MARY *enters R.*

MARY. I found nothin' burnin', Dinnie.

DENNIS (*to MARIAN*). There's plinty of y'r own kind here at home that ye kin marry without throwin' y'rself away on a Frinch frog-eater.

MARIAN (*as MARY steps forward to listen*). In America there should be no race distinctions. A Frenchman is as much to be considered as an Irishman, if he swears allegiance to our flag, and that's what he intends doing.

DENNIS. There's a whole lot that swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes who don't mean one word of what they're sayin'.

MARY. Dinnie!

MARIAN. But you'll find that they are not French. The French have been the truest friends America ever had.

DENNIS. Oh, yis. The French government has been America's friend. But—

MARY. Dinnie, I'm spakin' to you.

DENNIS. What is it, Mary Ann?

MARY. I found nothin' burnin'.

DENNIS. Why didn't you look in the stove? (MARIAN laughs.)

MARY. Go on out of that. I've a notion to slam you with the broad of me hand, so I have. (Comes toward him as sounds of voices are heard.) Here's Donald, now.

MARIAN. And Gaston, too. Now, pa-paa, do behave yourself.

DENNIS. Didn't I tell you you couldn't shake him?

Enter DONALD with GASTON on one arm, protesting, and LEONORE on the other. GASTON hurries to MARIAN. LEONORE to MARY and DONALD to his father.

DONALD. I tell you, dad, I saw the swellest football game. You ought to see the way Bill Splivins went through that bunch of yokels! (Sees picture on wall.) Who th' deuce is that gink?

DENNIS. He's no gink, I'll have you to understand.

DONALD (turning to his father). What became of Bill Splivins?

DENNIS. Who? The baboon that was in the frame?

DONALD. Don't you call him a baboon.

DENNIS. Be careful what you say to y'r father!

(MARY and LEONORE exit into kitchen, R., and MARIAN, followed by GASTON, goes to piano. MARIAN sits on bench and GASTON leans on piano, talking to her and occasionally casting angry glances toward DENNIS.)

DONALD. Gee, dad, that was the picture of the greatest football star in America!

DENNIS. An' that's the picture of the greatest friend that labor has in the whole world! (MARIAN plays piano softly while she and GASTON are conversing seriously.)

DONALD (spying picture of Splivins across the room, gets up and goes after it). That's no way to treat a real guy.

dad! (*Comes back, wiping picture on sleeve of his sweater.*) If you saw the way he went through that bunch of rough-necks today for five different touchdowns, you'd have gone crazy. I tell you, he's the greatest star this burg ever turned out! He'll make the All-Americans as sure as shooting. And to think his place in our hall of fame has been usurped by a mutt like *that!* (*Gazes at picture on wall.*)

DENNIS. Well thin, that mutt, or gink, or whatever you want to call him, is goin' to stay right where he is on that wall there forinst you. Who is Bill Splivins? Son of ould man Splivins? (*Strains of the Flower Song come faintly from the piano.*)

DONALD. I suppose so. What old man Splivins do you mean?

DENNIS. Ould hair-lip Jeremiah.

DONALD. Aw gosh, no, dad. He's a harp.

DENNIS. A *what*?

DONALD. A turkey.

DENNIS. Who's a turkey?

DONALD. Jeremiah Splivins.

DENNIS. What do you mane by a turkey?

DONALD. An Irishman. .

DENNIS. An' that's a disgrace, is it?

DONALD. No, not if you're not all the time bragging about it. Bill Splivins is an American, born in this country.

DENNIS. So were you born in this country, and what does that make you?

DONALD. An American, dad, ev'ry inch of me.

DENNIS. Me lad, I'm proud of you. Proud to hear you talk like that. I'm an American, but I'm an American by choice. You're only one by chance. What ticket are you goin' to vote nixt fall whin you come of age?

DONALD. The Republican, dad.

DENNIS (*scratching his head*). It's 'asy seein' y'r mother had the handlin' of you. Dinnie Hogan, Junior—

DONALD. Have a heart, dad. Have a heart. Here's my name. (*Hands him a card.*)

DENNIS (*takes card, reads it and tears it up as he looks up at his son*). A. Donald Hogan, son of Dinnie Hogan, goin' to marry Lena Schmidt an' vote the Republican ticket when he comes of age. What the devil is gittin' into ye young rebels?

DONALD. But you see, dad, I hold a responsible position. I must Americanize myself, and above all, I must affiliate with a political party that represents big interests. I can't line up with a bunch of dead ones.

DENNIS. A. Donald Hogan, son of— What's that last remark?

DONALD. The president of the bank I'm working for would have nothing to do with me if I were a Democrat

DENNIS. Since when have you been workin' for a bank?

DONALD. This morning.

DENNIS. An' you laid off this afternoon to go to a football game. (*Studies him suspiciously.*) What are you, the cashier?

DONALD. Oh, no, not yet. Wait until I'm there a couple of weeks.

DENNIS. You'll have the president's job by then, and maybe you can vote to suit y'rself. I tell you, the boys of this generation has it forty ways on their fathers.

DONALD. We know it, dad, but we're not bragging about it.

DENNIS. Oh, yis. It would take a mighty brainy man to make a boy these times.

DONALD. Right you are, dad.

DENNIS. George Washington, if he was livin' today, wouldn't be half the hero y'r friend Bill Splivins is.

DONALD. I should say not.

DENNIS (*fiercely*). Go on out of that before I break me fist on y'r jaw. (*Swings back as if to strike DONALD, then laughs.*) How much money d' you git at the bank where y're workin'?

DONALD. Oh, I don't know yet. We haven't decided on just how much—

DENNIS. We! You mean *he*. He hasn't decided. Well, if you were supportin' that fellow up there in that frame on the wall instead of Bill Splivins, y'r futtblall hero, y'd dom quick know what you was gittin'.

LEONORE *enters from R.* and MARY *calls from off-stage, R.*

MARY. Dinnie, come here.

DENNIS. Yis, Mary Ann, in a minute. (*To Donald.*) Have you any money?

(LEONORE *joins Marian and Gaston and all converse.*)

DONALD. Not any more than I need myself. (*Looking toward piano.*) We're all going to the masquerade, and I'll have to pay for everybody. The Frenchman hasn't any money.

DENNIS. Thin what is he hangin' around y'r sister for? Does he think I'm a bloated bondholder, whin I haven't the price to pay me dues in the lodge I belong to?

MARY (*off stage*). Dinnie, do you hear me?

DENNIS. Yis, Mary Ann. I'm comin'. (*Starting toward exit, R. D., speaks to Donald.*) Kape y'r eye on the frog-eater.

GASTON (*overhearing last remark*). Poo-poo for you.

DENNIS. Poo-poo for you, you blatherskite! (*Exit R. D.*)

DONALD (*unmindful of Gaston's excitedness*). Sing something, Leonore.

LEONORE. Oh, I can't sing, Donald. You do the entertaining.

GASTON. Let Mademoiselle Marian seeng someteeng a-la-Francais. Vot ze name—"Oo—la—la—" Zat's funnee song. Seeng, Mademoiselle.

DONALD (*jeeringly*). Ah, that song's a dead one!

GASTON (*puzzled*). Dead one? What you mean, dead one?

(MARIAN starts playing a lively number. DONALD catches LEONORE and they start dancing.)

MARIAN (to GASTON). Wait until we get our phonograph. Then we all can dance.

(Here specialties can be introduced if desired. At their conclusion, the doorbell rings.)

DONALD. You answer, Marian. I must get out of this sweater into my glad rags if we go to that masquerade tonight. (Exit L. D.)

MARIAN, jumping up from bench, goes to C. D. and admits PATRICK LAHEY.

MARIAN. Good-evening, Mr. Lahey.

PAT (bowing right and left). Good-avenin', everybody. (Addressing MARIAN.) Is y'r father home?

MARIAN. Oh, yes. Have a seat. I'll call him. (Starts to exit R.)

PAT. I'm in no hurry. Finish what you were playin'. I'm stuck on music but the only kind we ever hear at our house is the ould woman's washboard. (All laugh, GASTON the loudest.)

MARIAN. First let me introduce you. Mr. Lahey, meet Mr. Marcel, my fiancé. (They bow, GASTON the lower.) Leonore—where are you, Leonore? (LEONORE, who has strolled across L., returns.) Meet Mr. Lahey, Miss Schmidt. (Both bow.) Miss Schmidt is my brother Donald's fiancée.

PAT. It's a league of nations ye must be formin' in this house. (All laugh again, GASTON much louder. PAT casts a vicious look at GASTON and it is evident that neither has been impressed with the other.) Play somethin', I axed you, Miss Marian.

(GASTON engages LEONORE in conversation apparently about PAT.)

MARIAN. I'm not much of a player, Mr. Lahey.

PAT. From what y'r father says, you must be a great player. You tuck enough of lessons to play anything.

MARIAN. I'm sure I don't just know what to play to please you most.

PAT. Ah, "The Irish Washerwoman" or "Miss McCloud's Reel" suits me all right.

MARIAN (*somewhat abashed*). I'm sorry, Mr. Lahey, but I haven't the music for them.

PAT. You don't need it. Anybody who plays anything, especially if they got a drop of Irish blood in thim that they're not ashamed of, could play either of 'em with their eyes shut.

MARIAN (*springing up from piano*). That's an uncalled for remark.

GASTON (*stepping quickly to MARIAN's side*). Wat ees it, Mademoiselle? Ze zhenteelman say something you no like? (*Turns and glares at PAT.*)

MARIAN. Don't excite yourself, Gaston. (*Turns and again sits at piano.*)

GASTON. Ah, Mademoiselle Hoogaahn, play for me ze grand Marseillaise. (*Throws kiss to express extreme delight, as MARIAN starts playing the Marseillaise. He sings some of the words in his nasal accent, somewhat out of tune for comedy effect. LEONORE crosses from the piano and sits close to PAT, more to be polite than agreeable, for it is evident that PAT has queered himself with the three.*)

PAT (*leaning toward LEONORE and talking in an undertone*). How does that tune strike y'r fancy?

LEONORE. I love it, Mr. Lahey.

PAT. But you love the Wacht Am Rhine lots better.

LEONORE. By that remark you wish to insinuate that I am German?

PAT. No insinuation. A mere statement of facts.

LEONORE. You are mistaken. I admit I'm of German extraction. But in America there is an amalgamation of races—no such distinction as French, German, Italian, Norwegian or Irish, or any other race. We who have adopted this country as our own, and we who have been born here, should be classed only as Americans. The sooner the rising generation takes a firm stand and gives the world to understand that Americans are for America only—that we recog-

nize no fatherlands or motherlands—the better it will be for all concerned.

DENNIS HOGAN enters from R. in time to hear the last declaration. MARIAN stops playing. GASTON turns from piano, a little nervous, and eyes DENNIS as he advances toward PAT and LEONORE.

DENNIS (to PAT). Put that in y'r pipe and smoke it!

DONALD enters, dressed for the street, from L.

DENNIS (to LEONORE). More power to you. Give me y'r hand. From now on, I'll call you Leonore, not Lena. (They shake.)

DONALD. Here, dad, cut that out.

DENNIS. Never you mind. Lave Lena to—I beg y'r pardon! Leonore, I should say. (LEONORE laughs forgivingly and DONALD approaches smilingly. MARIAN and GASTON assist each other, preparing to go.) I was goin' to say, lave Leonore to me. (Giving DONALD a nudge and a wink.) But I don't suppose y'd want to do that. (LEONORE and DONALD laugh heartily.)

DONALD (laughing). Ah, there's no harm in you, dad.

DENNIS (seriously). Don't be so sure about that. (MARIAN, GASTON, DONALD and LEONORE start toward C. D.) Aren't ye all early for the masquerade?

LEONORE. They're all coming down to my house for tea. (Exit the four, GASTON last, glaring at DENNIS.)

DENNIS (as they go). All of yez have a good time. (To GASTON.) None of y'r poo-pooin', you pollywog! Have a good time, childer. (They call back similar good wishes.) You, too, Leonore.

LEONORE (calling back). Wait till you and I get alone sometime, Mr. Hogan.

DENNIS (calling after her). We'll show 'em all, so we will. (Waves good-night, then comes down and addresses PAT.) That's a fine girl, that Lena Schmidt.

PAT. Ah, she's Dutch.

DENNIS. Will you ever git that stuff out of y'r system? You heard what she said to you, didn't you? It's true,

every word of it. The sooner the foreign element in this country who have sworn allegiance to the Stars and Stripes forgets that there is any other country on the map of the world closer to the heart than this grand and glorious United States, the sooner Europe will find out that our business is nobody else's but our own, and that for the future, it will be best for her to keep her nose out of our affairs. Of course, I'd like to see Ireland get her freedom.

PAT (*pulling out a short clay pipe and lighting it without permission*). It's a wonder y'd admit it.

DENNIS. Lahey, there's no use talkin' but y're thick.

PAT. Maybe I am, but if I had the education you have, an' flow of speech, you can bet y'r bottom dollar I'd been president of the bricklayers' union in place of that fellow up there. (*Eyeing picture frame*.)

DENNIS. Say no more about the president of the bricklayers. Are you goin' to the meetin' tonight?

PAT. I am. Are you?

DENNIS. I'm not.

PAT. Why not?

MARY *enters from R. and stands listening*.

DENNIS. I haven't the price of me dues. What small change I had I spint runnin' for office. Have you any money?

PAT. What I have I need meself to pay me own dues.

DENNIS. I thought as much. That's the cry of everybody. I could get it from Mary Ann, but she's ordered a phonygraft.

MARY (*surprising him*). The phonygraft can wait, Dinnie. Here, take this and go pay y'r dues and kape up y'r reputation in the union. (*Hands him some bills*.)

DENNIS. I'll do nothin' of the kind. The phonygraft sha'n't wait. That's y'r Christmas present to the childer, and the childer is more to us than any organization. (*Meditates*.) If that divil of a tightwad, Tim Toolin, would pay me that two hundred he owes me, I wouldn't have to ax anybody for money.

PAT. Fat chance you have of gettin' money from Toolin.

MARY. He's owed us that money fur the last tin years, ever since he buried his uncle.

DENNIS. Think of borrowin' money to bury an uncle who left him an estate worth fifty thousand dollars.

PAT. Why haven't you axed him fur it?

DENNIS. I have axed him fur it—axed him till me throat was raw.

MARY. An' so have I axed him fur it.

DENNIS. I've axed him as often as tin times a day for wan whole year, but it did no good. I suppose if I should die and Mary Ann, here, should go to him weepin' an' mournin' an' ax him to do unto others as he had been done by, why then—

PAT (*with a start*). I have an idea!

DENNIS. You have, have you? Y're in the habit of havin' ideas. That's what you said you had whin you placed my name in nomination against him (*pointing to picture*). You kept bobbin' up in the convention every five minutes whin you knew you was out of order, until the chairman, in order to git rid of you, gave you the floor. That was y'r very first remark—"I've got an idea." That was the very first remark that caused the whole convention to holler "Throw him out." An' y'r nixt sentence was: "I nominate Dinnie Hogan for prisident." That was as far as you got.

PAT (*meditatively*). I wonder who the other fellow was who voted for you beside meself. (MARY *laughs heartily*.)

DENNIS (*disgustedly*). You do, do you? It's information y're lookin' for. Come on! What's your new idea?

PAT (*profoundly*). Why don't you die?

MARY (*with a start*). Pat! What are you sayin'?

DENNIS. Never mind him, Mary Ann. He's more to be pitied than censured.

PAT. I don't mean what you mean. (*Explains patiently to MARY*.) Let Dinnie only pretind he's dead. Lay him out on that sofa, there, and cover him up with a sheet, an' we'll hould a wake. I'll go out and spread the news that

Dinnie Hogan met with an accident and died a few minutes after. Tim Toolin is a great hand to attend wakes.

DENNIS. I've heard it said that he'd steal the pennies off of a dead man's eyes. I suppose that's how he gits his reputation.

PAT (*unmindful of the last remark*). Whin he comes to pay his respects to the dead, Mary Ann here can put up a poor mouth, an' Toolin, perhaps, will fall for the guff.

MARY. Perhaps!

DENNIS (*to PAT*). That's the best idea y've struck since I've known you. He used to have a crush on Mary Ann back home in Ireland. Didn't he, Mary Ann?

MARY. Faith, I could've had him any time I wanted him. But I didn't want him.

DENNIS. Not after you saw me.

MARY. Ah, thin you hate y'rself, don't you, Dinnie? (*They exchange affectionate glances.*)

PAT. Come. If you're goin' to die, die and be done with it. You haven't any time for that mush stuff.

DENNIS (*turning to PAT*). It won't do to tell too many I'm dead. Just tell Toolin and one or two others, and tell them to tell nobody else.

PAT. Lave it to me who to tell. I'm doin' the tellin'. (*Starting toward C. D.*)

DENNIS. Hould on a minute. What sort of an accident have I met with? Let's all understand one another.

MARY. Tell 'em that Dinnie fell from a chair and bumped his poor head on the side of it.

DENNIS. That's the story to tell 'em, Lahey. Be off with yez. (*PAT exits.*) (*To MARY.*) Git the sheet, Mary Ann, and— Wait a minute. Git some of that red stuff that Marian plasters her lips with. (*Rushes to C. D. and calls after PAT.*) Wait a minute, Pat! (*MARY exits, L., and PAT returns.*) Whisper. Don't forgit to tell Widow O'Flaherty. I want to have some fun with Mary Ann. (*PAT laughs and nods, as he exits.*) Be quick, Mary Ann. Lahey hasn't far to go.

MARY enters L. with sheet and stick of rouge.

MARY. I've been thinkin'. You didn't tell Lahey to tell 'em what you were doin' on the chair that would make you fall off.

DENNIS. What difference does it make what I was doin' on the chair, just so long as I fell from it and kilt meself? Lahey don't need to know the particulars. (*She stands waiting.*) You can tell 'em I was straightenin' his picture. That will sound plausible.

MARY. What do you want me to do with this red stuff?

DENNIS. Paint a deep gash across me forr'ed. (*She starts marking the cut.*) Make it look natural.

MARY (*laughing*). Ah, Dinnie, I hate to do this.

DENNIS. Cut out the funny stuff. (*She laughs again as she finishes and draws away.*) Fetch me the lookin' glass an' let me see meself as others will see me! (*She hurries and brings hand mirror from L.*) You did a good job of it, so you did. I'd swear I was a fit subject for the hospital. (*Turns and looks at her, as if pleased by her cleverness.*) (*Voces are heard in the hallway.*)

MARY. Hurry! On to the sofa with you. (*DENNIS hastily stretches out.*) Lay straight on the broad of y'r back and fold y'r arms. (*He complies.*) It's azy seein' that you was never dead before. (*She starts laughing.*)

DENNIS. Whisht, Mary Ann! (*She spreads sheet over him.*) Stop y'r laughin'! This is no laughin' matter.

MARY. Ah, Dinnie, it's a sin to do this. Shure 'n' it's cryin' I should be in place of laughin', you look so natural. Lay still, I tell you.

Voces draw closer and MARY sits quickly beside sofa, bowed in sudden display of grief, as MARIAN, and then GASTON, enter, both looking on floor as if they had lost something. MARY pokes DENNIS and commands him to "lay still" in a subdued whisper.

DENNIS (*lifting cover from face and whispering back to her.*) Y're smotherin' me. (*MARIAN and GASTON start at sound of whisper and look at each other, then look back on the floor.*)

MARIAN (*pointing to a glove on the floor.*) Ah, there it is, Gaston!

GASTON (*picks up glove with a sweeping bow.*) Per-meet me, Mademoiselle Mareean. (*Holds up glove, as MARIAN sees her mother weeping beside the sofa.*)

MARIAN (*rushing to her mother, and followed by GASTON.*) What has happened, ma-maa? (*MARY shakes head as it rests in her hands and moans aloud. MARIAN shakes her mother, then shrieks as she sees the body on the sofa.*) What's happened, I ask you?

GASTON (*excited*). Tell ze Mademoiselle what has happened.

MARY (*uncovering her face and looking sadly at MARIAN, but giving her a very big wink.*) Y'r poor father is dead.

GASTON (*starting for C. D.*). Dead?

MARIAN (*pretending to weep*). What happened to pa-paa?

MARY. Fell from that chair there whin he was straightenin' that picture, an' hit his poor head on the side of it. Look, how it battered his poor forr'ed! (*She uncovers the face. DENNIS lies with a set expression, as if dead. GASTON tiptoes back and takes a slanting look at the face of his enemy.*) Take Mr. Marcel into the back parlor and tell him how it all happened. I can't. (*She winks again and whispers to MARIAN.*)

MARIAN (*pretending to weep while MARY leads her toward R. D., followed closely by GASTON, who keeps looking back at the sofa and stumbles over a rug.*) Oh, ma-maa, this is simply awful! I don't know how I will ever be able to bear it! (*Exit R. D., followed by GASTON. MARY returns to seat beside the sofa.*)

DENNIS (*uncovering his face*). Quit y'r foolishness, Mary Ann. It's a dom shame to have such carrying on as this and breakin' that poor little girl's heart.

MARY. Indeed it is, Dinnie. Sure the Frinchman feels almost as bad as she does. (*Loud laugh of GASTON off stage startles them both.*)

DENNIS (*rising on one elbow and looking toward R. D.*)

Y're right—almost! (*Sounds of someone entering from hall outside C. D.*)

MARY. Lay back and hide y'r face, will you? An' kape it hid. (*DENNIS flops back and covers up.*)

DONALD, *pale and excited*, enters C. D., followed by LEONORE who is also agitated.

DONALD (*rushing to his mother, who receives him*). Mother! (*He faints.*)

MARIAN and GASTON re-enter from R. D. DONALD is caught and held by his mother.

LEONORE. Call a doctor.

GASTON (*rushing toward C. D.*). I weell get ze doctaire.

MARY. Come back here. Never mind the doctor. (*MARIAN having rushed out R. D., returns with a glass of water and dashes some in DONALD's face.*) That's all he needs, somethin' to bring him to. (*DONALD shows life.*) It's a shame, me poor boy, to give you such a shock.

LEONORE (*very much excited*). When and how did the accident happen? We just heard of it as we were returning for Marian and Mr. Marcel.

MARY. He couldn't kape his hands off that picture. It seems to have him hypnotized. He was up on that chair and slipped and struck his poor head on the side of it.

DONALD (*revives and blinks as MARY and LEONORE stroke his forehead*). Where am I?

MARY. Right here in y'r mother's arms where y're always welcome. (*Sweetly.*) Y're right here with Leonore, too.

(*MARIAN and GASTON go to piano, she sitting on stool with back to keyboard and looking up at GASTON.*)

DONALD (*completely revived, slips his arms around MARY and LEONORE*). How did it happen, mother?

MARY (*wearily, at being required to repeat*). He was up there on that chair straighten' out that ould chromo. (*The form stirs on the couch.*)

DONALD. I thought as much. He might have known the moment he took Bill Splivins out of that frame that

something would happen. (*Turns and looks at sofa.*) Gee, dad, this is tough. (*Lifts handkerchief to his eyes; then, casting a sad look toward the sofa.*) Is he marked much, mother?

MARY. Take a look at him, why don't you?

DONALD (*turning away in grief*). You look at him, Leonore. I can't. (*MARY instantly catches her son and they whisper as LEONORE goes to the sofa and timidly lifts back the sheet, exposing the face. She shudders and steps away, bows her head and mourns silently.*) Has the coroner been notified?

MARY. Not unless Lahey has done it.

GASTON. I weel go for ze corronaire.

DONALD. No, you go to your barber shop and bring your shaving outfit. Dad must have a shave. (*The sheet stirs a little.*) He must look his best when his friends see him for the last time. (*GASTON hurries for the door.*) You might as well order flowers while you're about it.

MARIAN (*hurrying after GASTON*). Wait for me. I shall look after the flowers. I know more what he likes best. (*Exit MARIAN and GASTON, C. D.*) See if you can locate an anchor. (*Calling after him.*) If you can, have it made out of shamrocks.

GASTON (*coming back and sticking head in C. D.*). Zat es not nice for ze pa-paa. Zat look too much like ze peek-ax. (*Exit.*)

DONALD (*to his mother*). I wonder if he made his will. And if he did, did he leave anything to us, or did he leave it all to that gink of a president of the brickthrowers' union. (*The sheet stirs and one eye peeks out from under it.*)

LEONORE (*still unaware of the burlesque*). I'm beginning to hate you, Donald Hogan. Your conduct is simply disgusting. You seem to be rejoicing at your father's death when you should mourn. (*Turns from him. DONALD shakes with laughter.*) It's nothing to laugh at. (*The sheet quivers. She sees it and clasps one hand to her face in fright as she shrinks into DONALD's arms. She looks up at*

him and he whispers to her. She slowly comprehends, and to carry the joke farther she joins in the burlesque.) Here! (Slips engagement ring from her finger and hands it to DONALD.) Take this engagement ring of yours and wreck some other girl's life with it. I wouldn't marry a man who has no more respect for the dead than you have. (Starts for C. D.)

DONALD. Ah, come back, Leonore! Come back or you'll break my heart. (Runs and catches her at doorway.)

DENNIS. Don't do anything of the kind! (Starting to stick out his head, but covers up quickly as he sees them returning.)

LEONORE. Did I hear someone?

DONALD. That was no human voice. It sounded like the bray of a jackass. (Softly.) Gee, kid, you mustn't flare up so quick. Wait till I get kind of used to dad's death. I can't get it into my system that he's dead. Wait till I come home here after banking hours and find him missin'; then maybe I'll begin to realize.

LEONORE (turning to MARY). You are the one, Mrs. Hogan, who will miss him most.

MARY (pretending to sob). Yes, it'll be lonesome without poor Dinnie.

LEONORE (to DONALD). Suppose anything happened to me. Wouldn't you miss me, just a little bit?

DONALD. If anything happened to you, kid, that would be my finish. (He folds her in his arms and kisses her.)

LEONORE (upon being released, to MARY). You must break up this home when Marian and Mr. Marcel are married and come and live with Donald and me.

MARY (with a great wink). Who knows but that someone more lonesome than meself might come along to sort o' cheer me up a bit. (The sheet stirs violently.) Misery loves company, you know.

DONALD (to LEONORE as he slips his arm around her waist). I'd be satisfied to see mother married again. You couldn't expect her to live here all alone after Marian and I settle down in our own homes. She wouldn't want to

live with either of us. I tell you, this daughter-in-law and son-in-law business isn't what it is cracked up to be. Come on, let us go and select a floral piece. This is no time anyhow to talk about second marriages. (*Starts with LEONORE to C. D.*) But there's one thing, mother, while we're on the subject. If you ever do marry again, get someone this time with money. (*DONALD and LEONORE exit C. D.*)

DENNIS (*springing up and sitting on side of sofa*). Yis, Tim Toolin! He's the man for you.

MARY (*paying no attention to the slam*). How d'you like bein' dead, Dinnie?

DENNIS. Ax me grandmother. (*She looks calmly at him*.) Not one-half so well as you like bein' me widow.

MARY. Arrah, Dinnie, can't you take a joke?

DENNIS. There's nothin' to joke about, stretched out here on the broad of me back on this hard ould sofy pretendin' I'm dead an' givin' you a fine chance to air y'r fickle fancies. There's many a truth said in a joke.

MARY. Don't be foolish, Dinnie.

DENNIS (*imitating*). Don't be foolish, Mary Ann!

MARY. Ain't I tellin' you I was only jokin'?

DENNIS. Maybe you were, but I have me doubts about it. (*Steps to the table, picks up mirror and again looks into it*.) I need a shave, all right. But whatever you do, don't let that devil of a frog-eater tooch a razor to me face. (*Lays mirror down*.) I'd be afeard he'd cut me throat.

MARY (*her sides shaking with laughter*). My, Dinnie, but y're a sight! I'm ashamed to look at you. Go on back to the sofa and cover up y'r face.

DENNIS. May the black fiend take that man Lahey and his *idea*! It's worth the two hundred to put through what I've put through with. I'll bet two pins that Toolin won't come near us.

MARY. What if he doesn't? Look at the fun we're havin'. (*Laughs again*.)

DENNIS. *We're* havin'? Not *we—you*.

MARY. Go cover up y'r face, I'm tellin' you. (*Door*

slams outside.) Hurry! Someone's comin'. (*He covers up all but his head.*)

DENNIS. It's the childer with the flowers, I suppose. Why the devil did you let thim go to all that expense just to amuse you?

MARY. No fear of thim comin' back. They're gone to the masquerade.

DENNIS. An' me lyin' dead here on the broad of me back?

MARY. Sure, I tould them all about the joke we was playin' on Toolin. They know everything. (*Bell rings. She springs up.*) There's Toolin for you. Lay back and kape y'r face still. (*Goes to C. D., pushes wall button and steps just outside in hallway with a very sad demeanor.*) Good avenin', Mr. Toolin.

TIM TOOLIN enters C. D. and follows her into the room.

TIM (as he enters). Good avenin', Mrs. Hogan. I'm very sorry for y'r troubles. Musha, how did it all happen, an' whin did it happen?

MARY (pretending to sob). It's almost impossible to relate the truth of it. I was out there in the kitchen lookin' after the supper whin I heard a crash. I run in an' found him upon the floor there, beside that chair. He was up there straightenin' that picture on the wall whin he shlipped, I suppose, and whin he came down his poor head must have struck on the side of the chair. There's a gash a fitt long across his poor forr'ed, an' two feet deep, I believe. Ah, it's horrible.

TIM. Too bad. (*To himself as he turns and looks at sofa.*) Too bad it didn't happen long ago.

MARY. What's that you were sayin', Tim?

TIM. I was sayin' that it's too bad that none of us have long to go.

MARY. That's true for you. We'll all be goin' the same way before we know it. (*TIM walks over to the couch and pulls back the sheet, without bending.*)

TIM. My, but doesn't he look ugly. (*The sheet at foot of bed stirs but TIM's back is turned.*)

MARY. What's that you say?

TIM. I said, My, but doesn't he look lovely.

MARY. Faith I don't agree with you. He needs a shave, and he should 've had on a dark suit of clothes, an' he should 've had a physician to dress the wound. Ah, I think he looks terrible. (*Covers face with hands.*)

TIM. I suppose he left you in good circumstances?

MARY. Not a pinny. He didn't leave the price to bury him. (*Both come down stage, close to each other.*)

TIM (*very cold and indifferent*). You made a mistake whin you didn't marry me when I axed you.

MARY (*dropping her head sadly*). I suppose I did, Tim.

TIM. I tould you y'd regret it. (*Looks at her pityingly as she sobs.*) No use cryin' over spilt milk. He made plenty of money but he was no hand to hang on to it. I tell you, Mrs. Hogan, a fool an' his money is 'azy parted. (*DENNIS lifts sheet from face and glares at them while their backs are turned.*) I'm worth a lot of money, but I'd 'a' been worse off than he is, there now, if I hadn't hung on to it. Whin is the funeral to be?

MARY. It's hard tellin'.

TIM. Where is he to be buried?

MARY. That's harder yet to tell.

TIM. I'll report y'r case to the authorities. They'll dispose of the body someway. Maybe they'll turn him over to the clinic.

MARY. Ah, Mr. Toolin, you wouldn't stand here and see a friend of yours turned over to the students to be operated upon for medicinal purposes, would you?

TIM. He never was a friend of mine. (*Showing a disposition to go.*) Of course, if there's anythin' I can do that will be obligin' you, I'm at y'r service. But as for him, the divil a thing at all would I do!

(*DENNIS rises and rests on one elbow. He expresses a desire to jump from the sofa and pounce upon TIM.*)

MARY (*motioning to DENNIS to keep quiet*). I always thought I could depind on you whiniver I was in trouble. But this is the first occasion I have had to call on any-

body. And as you used to say, "Call on me, Mary Ann, if iver you need a frind," the thought occurred to me that if you hadn't come of y'r own free will I would have sent one of the childer down after you.

TIM. Where are the childer?

MARY. Gone to the masq—(*she catches herself as DENNIS flops back, half afraid that she has made a mess of everything*).

TIM. What noise was that?

MARY. The cat inside the kitchen there, has been watchin' for a mouse all the afternoon.

TIM (*turning and glancing back at couch*). It might have been a rat.

MARY (*very nervous*). No, I'm sure it was a mouse.

TIM (*going toward C. D.*). Well, as I was sayin' to you, if there's anything I can do for you, don't be afraid to call on me. (*Exit slowly C. D.*)

DENNIS (*throwing back sheet and sticking out head, speaks in loud whisper*). Ax him for the two hundred, why don't you?

MARY. Ah, Dinnie, I haven't the heart.

DENNIS. Well, thin, if you haven't, I have. (*Moves as if to get up*.)

MARY. Stay where you are! (*Hurries to C. D. and calls.*) Oh, Tim! Come back and let me have a word with yez before yez go. (*DENNIS again straightens out and covers up.* MARY comes back into room. TIM enters and advances toward her.) I was thinkin' that—perhaps—that—a—perhaps. Ah, I can't say what I want to say.

TIM. Ah, I know what it is without y'r sayin' it. But there'll be plenty of time for that after the funeral. This is no place to talk about such things.

MARY. But really, Tim, poor Dinnie ought to have a decent burial. I couldn't think of lookin' at anybody else with the thought that me first husband was turned over to a clinic. If I had—a—about—let me see. If I had about two—(*DENNIS's face peeps from under sheet*) about two—hundred—dollars, I might be able to kape—

TIM. I guess I kin guess what y're drivin' at. You mane to remind me of the two hundred I still owe y'r husband. Of coarse I'm not denyin' that I owe him that much money. An' I'm not denyin' that he lat me have it at a time whin I naded it very badly. I fully intinded to give it back to him. But he was in too big a hurry for it. Of coarse, I was in a hurry whin I got it, an' whin you come to think of it, it was very kind in Dinnie to let me have it. I owe him the two hundred. (*Reaches down in pocket and pulls out purse from which he takes roll of bills.* DENNIS sits straight up and settles his eyes on the roll.) And it's no more than right that he should get it. (*Starts to count off bills.* DENNIS gets excited.) Right wrongs nobody. I got it from him in a time like this, and to return it under similar conditions would be a fitting climax. (*He is about to hand the money to MARY.*) But the advantage that people take of a woman in trouble whin she has the money to pay for it, is enough to put any man on his guard. The undertaker is a hould-up. So is everyone else that has anything to do with anyone in trouble. (*Rolls money up again and puts it back in purse.*) I think I'll go engage an undertaker meself—one who is a beginner in the business and won't charge you a small fortune. To tell the truth, I believe he will trust you for his services until you are ready to pay it y'rself. (*Shoves purse back in pocket and starts toward the door.* DENNIS has fallen back and covered his head.) I'll sind him up and let you make your own arrangements. (*Exit C. D.*)

MARY. He's gone, Dinnie—without lavin' me a cent. (DENNIS does not move or answer.) Dinnie, I'm talkin' to you. (*No response. She goes to him and shakes him.*) Good heavens, the shock has kilt him! What shall I do? What shall I do? (*Moans and wrings hands. Bell sounds.*) Wake up, Dinnie, I must answer the doorbell. (*Hurries to door and presses button, then steps into hall.* DENNIS pulls back sheet from his face and his wife hurries back.) Thanks be to the Lord, y're alive. (*DENNIS just looks at her as she turns to meet the newcomer.*)

PAT *enters, C. D.*

PAT (*to MARY*). Well? I see he was here. You got the two hundred, I suppose?

MARY. No, Pat.

DENNIS (*rising and sitting on sofa*). You should have been here and heard the things he said about me whin he thought I was out of harm's reach. And to think I had to lie here on the broad of me back and listen to the dom miser boast about owin' me money. Had to listen to him make love to me wife here at me own funeral. And to think *you* were the cause of all this misery, you and y'r idea.

PAT. You tould me y'rself you thought it a brilliant idea.

MARY. And to think I had the money almost in me hands!

DENNIS. An' to think she let it git away from her! I'd half a notion to spring upon him from behind and take it away from him, but I wanted the satisfaction of bein' clever enough to make him come across without any rough treatment. (*The doorbell rings.*) Who the devil is there to come now to see me?

PAT (*as MARY answers call*). The widow. You tould me to be sure an' notify 'er so's you could have a little fun with the ould lady.

DENNIS (*springing back and covering up*). I wish y'd have left her where she was.

MARY (*very indignant as she leads the way*). There he he is! Take a look at him!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY *enters.*

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*hurrying to the sofa*). Poor Dinnie! They've got you where you can't spake to me at last. (*Turns back the sheet and looks sadly down as she endeavors to weep.*) My, how p'aceful and calm you do look. (*Covers the face and turns to MARY.*) What's the matter, Mrs. Hogan, you don't seem to be sheddin' many tears.

MARY (*angrily*). Perhaps I have no very good reason to shed tears.

MRS. O'F. Perhaps not. The loss of a husband is hardly enough for some women to shed tears over. (*Business of DENNIS and PAT urging the two women upon each other in dumb show. They grin and make faces and have their fun behind the women's backs.*)

MARY. Judgin' from the way you behaved after the death of yours.

MRS. O'F. I'm still a widow.

MARY. It's no fault of yours, if you are.

MRS. O'F. Mrs. Hogan, you don't mane a word y're sayin'. Y're only jealous of me 'cause y'r husband used to go out of his way to spake to me once in awhile since me own husband died.

MARY. And I suppose you didn't encourage it?

MRS. O'F. Mrs. Hogan! I came here thinkin' you was in trouble and to offer me services if you was. If y're not in trouble thin I'll take one long last look at poor Dinnie and bid you good avenin'. (*DENNIS flops back and as MRS. O'FLAHERTY turns to look in the direction of couch, all is peaceful. PAT's head is bowed.*)

MARY. He's there for you to look at. Help y'rself. (*Doorbell rings and MARY goes and pushes button.*)

MRS. O'F. (*stepping up and pulling sheet back*). Good-bye, Dinnie. I'll see you nixt whin they're takin' you away from here.

JASPER LEE enters, C. D.

JASPER (*following MARY and handing card to her as he enters*). I met Mr. Toolin a few moments ago as he was comin' from yoh-all, an' he tol' me to come oveh heah and make arrangements foh de disposal of yoh husband's remains. I'm de new undertaker jes' move heah from Tennessee. I's Jasper Lee from Tennessee, I is.

MRS. O'F. Glory be to the Lord, is it a coon undertaker she has ordered? Poor Dinnie! It's little they care about you whin y're gone. Good-bye. (*Exit hurriedly, C. D., exchanging hostile glances with MARY.*)

MARY (*looking after her*). Good riddance to bad rubbage. (*To JASPER.*) Who did you say sint you?

JASPER. Mr. Timothy Toolin. He said to take charge of the funeral and y'd pay me later. Dat's all right, madam. You kin pay me whenever you feel like it. Don't care very much whether yoh pay me at all, jes' so's I gits a start. I's been heah fough months and nobody gives me nothin' to do. I jes' figures dat if I gits a staht, business will pick up.

MARY. It's mighty kind of Tim Toolin, I must say.

DENNIS (*having sat up and seen JASPER*). Holy Moses! I'm to be buried by a nayger!

JASPER (*trembling and looking straight ahead*). What am dat?

PAT. The ghost of the dead man.

JASPER. Good-day, ev'ybody! I ain't gwin' to have nothin' to do with dead people what lets dere ghosts trail around wid dem. Um-um. I's gwin'! (*Exit C. D. without ever looking in the direction of the sofa.* PAT and MARY look at one another. DENNIS flings the sheet off, sits up on sofa.)

DENNIS. Well, the jig is up. No chance of gettin' the two hundred. You might as well be goin' to the matin' and tell them somethin' for me—that I was sick or somethin' and couldn't come. (*Noise outside.*)

MARY. Well, Dinnie, I tried me best.

PAT. What's that noise outside like someone backin' up a truck?

DENNIS. It's another of y'r ideas.

MARY. Here, Dinnie, take this money. If the phony-graft comes I'll have them take it back.

DENNIS. I'll do nothin' of the kind. (*Bell rings.* MARY goes and presses button. *Voice heard from outside hallway.*)

VOICE. I have a phonograph for Hogan. Where do you want to put it?

MARY. Take it home with you.

DENNIS (*going to C. D.*). Never mind what she says. Set it there in the hall. Come here and git y'r money. (*Pushes MARY into the hall.*) Pay the man, why don't you?

MARY (*goes into hall as DENNIS returns to sofa*). Dinnie, I hate to do this.

PAT. I'm sorry, Dinnie, y're not comin' with me. There's to be the installation of officers tonight, a fine banquet, and heaven knows what, and you would be enjoyin' y'rself—

DENNIS (*interrupting*). I'd be ashamed to put me face in the door if I hadn't the price of me dues in me pocket. (*Picks up mirror and looks at self.*) Just think—the widow thought I looked handsome. (*Chuckles.*)

PAT. There's an ould sayin', Love is blind, you know.

DENNIS. Mary Ann and the widow niver did git along. Mary Ann has no use for her.

PAT. Just about as much use as you have for Toolin.

DENNIS. Don't be foolish, Lahey.

MARY *enters from hall through C. D.*

MARY. I feel awfully guilty, Dinnie. There it is out there in the hall, and there it'll stay till the childer come home an' find a place to put it.

DENNIS. You don't feel one-half as guilty as I do, axin' you for money whin I knew you wanted it f'r somethin' else.

PAT (*picking up his hat*). An' naither of yez feel as guilty as I do—thinkin' up an idea and have it pan out like this one did, after comin' so close to gittin' what the whole of us was after. (*Bell rings.*)

MARY. Who the devil is this? Into bed with ye, Dinnie. Who knows but it may be Toolin' returnin'. (*DENNIS hurries back to sofa. PAT covers him up, then follows MARY to C. D., and looks out down the hallway. He sees who it is and hurries back to DENNIS. They whisper and the form straightens on sofa as PAT bows head in sad spirits.*)

TIM *enters C. D. and follows MARY into room.*

TIM. It's aisy seein' you don't intind to mourn the loss of y'r husband very long. An' I don't blame you for it. (*Sees PAT.*) Good-avenin' again, Lahey.

(PAT merely nods and drops his head in the palms of his hands.)

MARY. Why do you say that, Tim?

TIM. You have a new phonograph, I see.

MARY. That was a present to the childer from their father before he died.

TIM. Dinnie was good-hearted, all right. After all, it's no bad failin' to have the reputation of bein' good-hearted. Did the undertaker come?

MARY. Did he come, Tim? Did you send that nayger here to bury poor Dinnie?

TIM. I did that. What difference does it make who's the undertaker? Whin y're dead y're dead, and the undertaker won't bring ye back to life again.

MARY. But he's too scared to be an undertaker. He's a-scared of his shadow. Someone made a slight noise whin he was here talkin' to me, and Pat, there, for the fun of it, tould him it was Dinnie's ghost, and he shot out of here as if the devil was after him.

TIM (*reaching down in pocket and pulling out pocket-book containing roll of bills*). Well, I've changed me mind about the undertaker. Here's the two hundred I owe Dinnie. Take it and hire y'r own undertaker. (*The form on the couch stirs*. PAT *almost faints as TIM delivers bills to MARY*.) I guess y'll find there's enough there to cover all expenses. If there isn't—don't call on me. Call on someone else who has more money than I have to throw at the birds. Good-avenin' and good luck to you, Mrs. Hogan. After y'r troubles are over and you happen to be down by me office, drop in an' we'll talk ould times over. Good-avenin'. (*Exit C. D.*)

MARY (*calling after him*). Good-avenin', Tim.

DENNIS (*springs up and rushes out L. D. to remove paint. From off stage*). Good-avenin', ould tight-wad.

PAT (*rushing to MARY*). Did you get it all?

MARY (*counting bills*). Faith I did—every cent of it.

DENNIS (*coming from L. D. and wiping his forehead with a towel*). Mary Ann, y're a darlin'.

As they embrace, TOOLIN reappears in C. D.

TIM. I forgot, Mrs. Hogan, to take a receipt for that two—what the—? (Glaring at them.) I thought that you was dead!

DENNIS. Well, you blatherskite, you got another thought comin'.

TIM (gesticulating angrily). You tricked me! Give me back me two hundred dollars or I'll have the law on you!

DENNIS. Take y'r face out of that doorway before I spoil me fist with it.

TIM (starting to go). Well, I suppose y're satisfied, now that you got the money that belonged to you!

DENNIS. Yes, an' I suppose y're satisfied to think I had to die to get it.

TIM. Ah, you make me sick! (Exit C. D.)

DENNIS. Follow him out, Mary Ann, and lock the door behind him or he's liable to stale the phonygraft. (MARY exits C. D. DENNIS turns to PAT and grabs his hand.) Whoever says that Pat Lahey ain't the possessor of big ideas, I'll tell him he's a liar!

PAT. I thank you for them words. But now, Dinnie, do me one favor in return for what I did for you.

DENNIS. You have only to ax it.

PAT. Who, besides meself, voted for you?

DENNIS (drawing back as if to slap PAT). Go on out of that, before I break me fist on y'r gob.

MARY enters C. D.

MARY. Thank heaven that's over with.

DENNIS. Come, Mary Ann. Give me a squeeze.

MARY. Don't be foolish, Dinnie.

PAT (to DENNIS). Come along, now, and go with me to the meetin'!

DENNIS. No, Pat. Give him a tin-spot, Mary Ann, and let him pay me dues for me. (MARY gives PAT a bill from her roll.) Y'll do that much for me, won't you, Pat?

PAT. Faith I will. (Goes to C. D. and stands looking

back.) I'll do anything in the world for you an' Mary Ann, Dinnie.

DENNIS. That's kind of you, Pat. I'd like to go for your sake and that fellow up there (*looks up at picture*), but the childer have gone to the masquerade and it wouldn't be right to lave Mary Ann home here alone. I think if I'm wise, I'd better stay where I am. (*Slips his arm around MARY's waist.*) Don't you think so, Mary Ann?

MARY. Faith I do, Dinnie. (*They embrace.*)

CURTAIN.

The Spell of the Image

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 35 Cents

A comedy-drama in prologue and 3 acts; 10 males, 10 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 2 interiors. **Characters in the Prologue:** The host. His daughter. Her sweetheart. A rival. A serving maid. A gypsy. Dancers. **Characters in the Play:** Dunbar, a young millionaire. Harlan, his friend. Ross, managing editor of the Clarion. Mathews, business manager of the Clarion. Carter, a political candidate. Ted, an office boy. Terrence, an Irish gentleman. Phyllis, of modern tendencies. Carolyn, her closest friend. Fredericka, a reporter. Kitty, Phyllis' sister, secretly romantic. Belinda, a maid, also romantic. Two aunts, of opposing natures.

SYNOPSIS

Prologue.—The toast—"England and America." Phyllis pleads her cause with Ruperi—and the image mocks. The gypsy weaves an evil spell and reads what "is written in the stars." Phyllis offers tribute—and the pearls are hidden. "Our tryst is over."

Act I.—Kitty flaunts tradition and argues a business career before an unsympathetic audience. Carter proves an obstacle in the political career of MacDonald and John. Phyllis airs her views upon economic independence and tells MacDonald why she can't marry him. Kitty falls asleep—and is awakened by Adventure. "Faith and it's not a monkey-wrench to me—it's a key to the future." The telephone rings—and Phyllis goes to work on the Clarion.

Act II.—Fredericka lands a scoop—and prophesies failure for the Clarion. Loss of advertising and of popular favor does not daunt MacDonald. "I'm going to be a detectuff." Fredericka makes a proposition to Carter. Ted and Kitty, together, play "detectuff." "Your stocks are quite worthless, Mac." Adventure comes again to Kitty—and learns of his enemy. Terrence is about to tell his story—when the climax comes!

Act III.—Terrence is generous—and Carter accepts the terms. "Don't its eyes seem to follow me—doesn't it seem alive?" Aunt Letitia and Aunt Alice have a lively tilt, with Phyllis as mediator. Belinda slaps the image—and the pearls are found! Kitty follows Adventure "even to the end of the day." "Here's half the cost of a wedding ring!"

Little Miss Enemy

By HARRY L. NEWTON

Price, 25 Cents

A mobilization of mirth and melody; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A Palm Beach flirtation with military tactics. War declared; the enemy entrenched; strategy; the siege; the battle won only to find Little Miss Enemy his commanding officer. A snappy bit of refined comedy.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

The Lady of the Library

By EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

Price, 35 Cents

A delightful comedy-drama of village life in 3 acts; 5 males, 10 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** Reading room of a public library; easily set. A most refined and lovable librarian of 60 years, surprisingly youthful in appearance and manner, plays the leading rôle. Through her selection of literature the town has been brought up to a high standard. Although sincerely in love with a certain judge, she has allowed the whims of others to keep them apart for many years; however, they are finally united. Pearl, the pretty ingenue, a strong part. Bits of good comedy furnished by two typical old maids, a movie actress, newlyweds and the "proprietor of the dust rag." A story that inspires the most pleasant thoughts and is bound to find its way to the heart of every audience.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Morning at the Library. A movie actress in ordinary rôle. "Miss Avis won't be an old maid when she's a hundred." Burr warns Pearl against the fate of a spinster. The missing book. Mrs. Nelson recalls old times. The new preacher feels called to set to rights a few things. "Would you close the doors of knowledge to your four-footed brothers?" Mrs. Edgeworth exerts her authority. A startling insinuation. Avis unlocks the chambers of the past. "God be merciful to all who are born women!"

Act II.—Mrs. Edgeworth on the war-path. Sam assumes the blame. "I'm the guy that put the sin in Cincinnati." The Judge's return takes everybody by surprise. The preacher interviews Pearl and Susanne appeals for religious instruction. Mrs. Edgeworth's accusation is met by opposition. "If this was the Judgment Day and you were the Angel of Death itself, I could give no other answer!" "I would stake my very life on her honesty."

Act III.—Sam gets poetic through literary association. The preacher hears the story of Pearl's origin. Avis resigns her position. The Judge hears of the pearl ring and finds the long-sought child. Mrs. Edgeworth's change of heart. "Of course the dear child was not at all to blame." The Judge reveals the mystery of the lost volume and Burr contributes his share to the revelation. Pearl speaks her mind. "I have nothing whatever to say to Burr's mother." Mrs. Edgeworth rejoices. "I have always longed for a daughter." Susanne frightens the minister. "Go away, lady!" Avis receives and answers her letter at last. The Judge "considers their ages" and gets his "turn" at last. "Is it too late to find the minister?"

At Harmony Junction

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy character sketch for a singing quartette; 4 males. Time, 20 minutes. The rube station agent, the colored porter, the tramp and the stranger supply mirth and melody while waiting for the train "due th' day before yistiddy."

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Safety First

By SHELDON PARMER

Price, 35 Cents

Farce-comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours.
Scenes: A parlor and a garden, easily arranged. A sprightly farce full of action and with a unique plot teeming with unexpected turns and twists that will make the audience wonder "what on earth is coming next." Behind the fun and movement lurks a great moral: Always tell the truth to your wife. The cast includes three young men, a funny policeman, a terrible Turk, two young ladies, a society matron, a Turkish maiden and Mary O'Finnigan, the Irish cook. The antics of the terror-stricken husband, the policeman, the dude and the Irish cook start the audience smiling at 8:15 and send them home with aching sides from the tornado of fun at 10:40. Suitable for performance anywhere, but recommended for lodges, clubs and schools. Not a coarse or suggestive line in the play.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Jack's lil suburban home. A misplaced husband. "He kissed me good-bye at eighteen minutes after seven last night, and I haven't laid eyes on him since." The Irish maid is full of sympathy but she imagines a crime has been committed. Elmer, the college boy, drops in. And the terrible Turk drops out. "Sure the boss has eloped wid a Turkey!" Jerry and Jack come home after a horrible night. Explanations. "We joined the Shriners, I'm the Exalted Imported Woggle and Jack is the Bazaar!" A detective on the trail. Warrants for John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Moe. "We're on our way to Florida!"

Act II.—A month later, Jack and Jerry reported drowned at sea. The Terrible Turk looking for Zuleika. The return of the prodigals. Ghosts! Some tall explanations are in order. "I never was drowned in all my life, was I, Jerry?" "We were lashed to a mast and we floated and floated and floated!" A couple of heroes. The Terrible Turk hunting for Jack and Jerry. "A Turk never injures an insane man." Jack feigns insanity. "We are leaving this roof forever!" The end of a perfect day.

Act III.—Mrs. Bridger's garden. Elmer and Zuleika start on their honeymoon. Mabel forgives Jack, but her mamma does not. They decide to elope. Jerry's scheme works. The two McNutts. "Me middle name is George Washington, and I cannot tell a lie." The detective falls in the well. "It's his ghost!" Jack and Jerry preparing for the elopement. Mary Ann appears at the top of the ladder. A slight mistake. "It's a burglar, mum, I've got him!" The Terrible Turk finds his Zuleika. Happiness at last.

Foiled, By Heck!

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

A truly rural drama, in 1 scene and several dastardly acts; 3 males, 3 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** The mortgaged home of the homespun drama, between sunup and sundown. **Characters:** Reuben, a nearly self-made man. His wife, who did the rest. Their perfectly lovely daughter. Clarence, a rustic hero, by ginger! Olivia, the plaything of fate, poor girl. Sylvester, with a viper's heart. Curses! Curses! Already he has the papers. A screaming travesty on the old-time "b'gosh" drama.

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Shadows, 35 min.	3 4
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Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5 3
Teacher Kin I Go Home, 35 min.	7 3
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3 6
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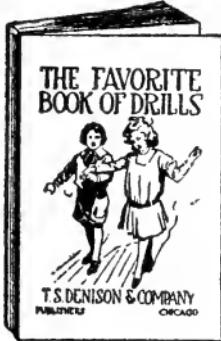
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